

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

OCT.

10¢

NO. 33



IN THIS ISSUE:

**TARGET FOR
HIGHWAY-
MEN!**



APPROVED
READING

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LaRUE WESTERN • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
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CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • HORALONG CASSIDY
BOG CAMERON WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • MIKE SMYTT. MAN AGAINST CRIME
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX BITTER WESTERN • SOLDIER COMICS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

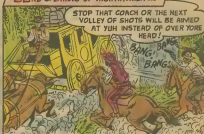


IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF LARADO A STAGECOACH
CARRYING A LARGE SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION,
WEARILY MAKES ITS WAY ALONG THE TRAIL!



GIDDAP! THE QUICKER WE REACH
LARADO AND DELIVER THIS SHIP-
MENT, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!
WHENEVER I CARRY GOLD I
ALWAYS FEEL LIKE A
TARGET FOR
HIGHWAYMEN!

AND SPEAKING OF HIGHWAYMEN ...



STOP THAT COACH OR THE NEXT
VOLLEY OF SHOTS WILL BE AIMED
AT YUH INSTEAD OF OVER YORE
HEAD!

BANG!
BANG!

BUT THE GOLD COACH HAD NOT BEEN SENT OUT UNPROTECTED! WAITING INSIDE FOR TROUBLE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE WEST'S MOST RESPECTED ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LARUE!

KEEP THE COACH GOING! I'LL HANDLE THESE YARMINTS!

HEY, LOOK, LASH! THERE'S A GUARD INSIDE!

SO WHAT, CLOVER? WE STILL OUT-NUMBER THEM!

BUT THREE TO ONE ARE NO ODDS AGAINST THE DEADLY ACCURATE SIX-GUNS OF LASH!

I NEVER SAW SHOOTING LIKE THAT BEFORE!

WE'D BETTER VAMOOSE BEFORE WE GET A CLOSER AND FATAL VIEW OF THOSE BULLETS, KINGETT!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

NICE GUNS, LASH!

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO CHASE AFTER THOSE HOMERES, BUT I DON'T DARE LEAVE THIS GOLD COACH UNGUARDED! THERE MAY BE MORE HIGHWAYMEN WAITING FOR US ALONG THE TRAIL!

BUT THE REST OF THE TRIP IS UNEVENTFUL AND AS THE GOLD COACH PULLS TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

I SEE YOU MADE IT ALL RIGHT!

THANKS TO LASH AND HIS SIX-GUNS! WHEN'S THE TRAIN THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO LOAD THE GOLD ONTO DUE IN?

CHIEF-MARSHAL

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE NOW, BUT I JUST GOT WORD THERE'S BEEN A DELAY AND THE GOLD WON'T BE PICKED UP UNTIL MORNING!

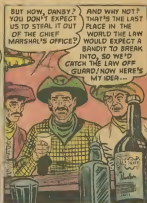
DON'T TELL ME I'VE GOT TO SIT AND GUARD IT UNTIL THEN! MY NERVES WON'T STAND THE STRAIN!

YOU CAN RELAX! WE'LL STORE THE GOLD IN MY OFFICE UNTIL THE TRAIN ARRIVES!

I'LL LEND A HAND UNLOADING THE COACH!

CHIEF-MARSHAL

CHIEF-MARSHAL



I RECKON I'D BETTER BORROW THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S BADGE, JUST IN CASE ANYONE SHOWS UP BEFORE YUH RETURN! IT'LL MAKE EXPLAINING THE CHIEF'S ABSENCE MUCH EASIER!

SHORTLY AFTER...

I COULDN'T SLEEP, CHIEF, SO I FIGURED I MIGHT AS WELL COME DOWN HERE EARLIER AND RELIEVE YOU!

OH, EXCUSE ME, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE CHIEF!

OH, OH! THIS IS THE HOMBRE WHO SCARED US OFF IN THE HILLS! I HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM PRONTO!

I AM THE CHIEF! THE NEW CHIEF, THAT IS!

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REGULAR CHIEF? HE WAS HERE AWHILE AGO!

HE WAS ORDERED TO REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION FOR A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT! I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO TAKE OVER UNTIL HE GETS BACK!

GOOD! I'VE GOT AN URGENT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU! THERE'S TALK OF SOME CATTLE RUSTLERS ATTACKING THE BAR ZERO RANCH TONIGHT! I WANT YUH TO GO OUT THERE AND INVESTIGATE!

YES, SIR!

WELL, IN THAT CASE, I'LL RELIEVE YOU! MY NAME'S LASH LARUE, I'M A ROVING MARSHAL!

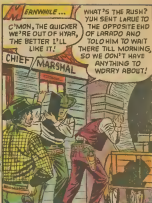
THERE'S NO TELLING JUST WHEN THOSE RUSTLERS MIGHT ATTACK, SO YOU'RE TO WAIT THERE TILL MORNING!

WHERE DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE RUSTLERS?

LOOK, LARUE, I DON'T KNOW HOW THE OTHER CHIEF RAN THIS OFFICE, BUT WHILE I'M IN CHARGE, YUH'LL HAVE TO LEARN NOT TO QUESTION YORE SUPERIOR! YORE JOB IS TO TAKE ORDERS AND CARRY THEM OUT!

YES, SIR! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, RUSH!

CHIEF IM







GOOD OLD LASH! HE ALWAYS COMES THROUGH!



AS SOON AS I UNTIE YOU WE'LL GO AFTER THEM!

THAT WON'T BE AS EASY AS IT SOUNDS, LASH! THE MOMENT YOU START UNTYING THE OPENING TO THE DRIVER'S SEAT, THEY'LL REALIZE SOMETHING'S WRONG AND GET THE JUMP ON US!



I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, CHIEF, BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO GET THOSE HOMBRES WHERE WE WANT THEM!



THIS WAGON'S TRAVELLING AT A PRETTY GOOD SPEED, SO FIRST WE'LL TIE THIS END OF THE WHIP AROUND HERE ---



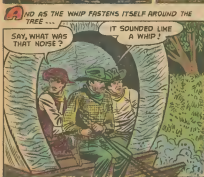
--- THEN WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN CATCH THE OTHER END AROUND ONE OF THOSE TREES WE'RE PASSING!

TRYING TO CONTROL THAT WHIP WITHOUT THE HANDLE IS GOING TO BE TOUGH EVEN FOR YOU!

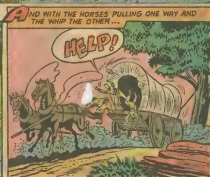


BUT THERE'S NOTHING LASH CAN'T DO WITH A BULLWHIP!

SNAP!



AND AS THE WHIP FASTENS ITSELF AROUND THE TREE ---



AND WITH THE HORSES PULLING ONE WAY AND THE WHIP THE OTHER ---

SAY, WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

IT SOUNDED LIKE A WHIP!

HELP!



WHEEE! THIS IS THE REAL WILD WEST!

HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO ANY BANDITS!

WE'VE GOT A SHIPMENT OF DUBBLE BUBBLE AGGARD!

UH-OH! JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF!

OKAY! THROW DOWN THAT BOX OF DUBBLE BUBBLE OR WE'LL DRILL YOU!

POP!

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE "BADGIES" BEAT IT! GET NICE GUM, PUP!

YIP-PEE! PUD SAVED OUR DUBBLE BUBBLE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS MY SIX-SHOOTER!

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE REAL BUBBLE GUM!

THANK K. FLEER, CORP. PHILA. 41, PA.

LONGER-LASTING, SWEETER FLAVOR!

DUBBLE BUBBLE

FUNNIES, FACTS, AND FORTUNES, TOO!

HAVE FUN WITH GUM!

1\$

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOYS AND GIRLS—THE POLIO SEASON MAY BE COMING AROUND AGAIN SOON. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP AS STRONG AND HEALTHY AS I AM, BE SURE AND FOLLOW THESE RULES...



BUT DO KEEP CLEAN!

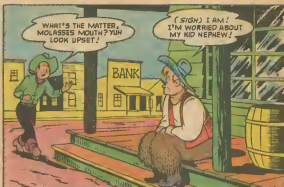
THESE POLIO PRECAUTIONS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS!



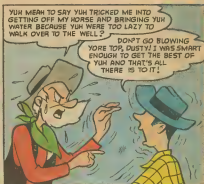
MOLASSES MOUTH



THUMB FUN!







LASH LARUE WESTERN



YO'RE NO GOOD AT THROWING THOSE ROUNCHOUSES, DUSTY! WHY DON'T YUH TRY AN UPPERCUT?



AT YORE SERVICE, DUDE! AN UPPERCUT COMING UP!



(GULP!) I MISSED AGAIN!



BUT YUH DIDN'T MISS YORESELF!



HA, HA! YUH COULDN'T EVEN HURT A FLY WITH THAT PUNCH OF YORES!

WHO SAYS SO? WHY I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER SUCCEEDED IN KNOCKING ME DOWN!

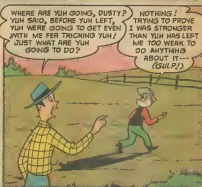
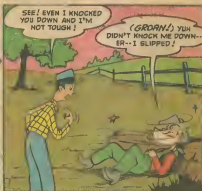


I DON'T BELIEVE THAT!

NO? THEN HIT ME YORESELF AND PROVE IT!



OKAY, I WILL!



MOLASSES MOUTH



HAS THE BLUES

HOWDY, MOLASSES MOUTH!
HOW ARE YUH TODAY?

NOT SO GOOD! I HAD
AN AWFUL FRIGHT
LAST NIGHT!

YUH HAD AN AWFUL
FRIGHT LAST NIGHT?

YES! I WOKE UP
AND I SAW THAT
MY FEET WERE
BLUE!

WHAT! YOUR
FEET WERE
BLUE? TSK, TSK!

YES! I WAS
SCARED STIFF
SO I SENT FOR
THE DOCTOR!

WHAT
DID
HE OO?

HE DIDN'T
DO ANY-
THING---

---HE JEST TOLD ME
TO TAKE OFF MY
BLUE SOCKS!

WAGONWHEELS

-- A WARM VACATION!

(SIGH, SIGH)

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, FRANK!
YUH LOOK
TROUBLED!

I AM, WAGONWHEELS! HMMMPH,
I CAN'T DECIDE
WHAR TO GO
ON MY
VACATION! THAT ALL?
I THOUGHT
YUH HAD AN
IMPORTANT
PROBLEM!

IT'S IMPORTANT
TO ME! MY
VACATION STARTS
TOMORROW! I'VE
GOT TO MAKE UP
MY MIND PRONTO!

SHUCKS, I
CAN HELP
YUH! JUST
GO TO
BED
TONIGHT
WITH A
LIGHTED CIGA-
RETTE IN YOUR
MOUTH!

HUH! I SHOULD
GO TO BED WITH
A LIGHTED
CIGARETTE IN
MY MOUTH?

THAT'S
RIGHT!
THEN YUH
WON'T HAVE
TO WONDER
WHAR TO GO
ON YOUR VACATION
ANY MORE...

-- YUH'LL BE IN
HOT SPRINGS!
HA, HA!

(ULP)!!



OLD WEST INTRIGUE INVOLVES THE FAMOUS ROYAL MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, IN AN EVIL INDIAN KIDNAPPING PLOT THAT CONCERNS THE RIGHTFUL LEADER OF THE ONOPOGA TRIBE! DEATH REACHES OUT AND LASH LARUE MUST BRAVE ALL TO END THE TREACHERY AND SOLVE THE PRAIRIE BETRAYAL!

2 IN THE ONOPOGA RESERVATION IN THE CHIEF'S TENT...

YOU HEARD ME, CHIEF GRIZZLY TOOTH! I WANT MORE OF WAMPUM YOU COLLECT FROM TRIBE!

BUT MEDICINE MAN ALREADY GOT HIS SHARE!

ME SUPPOSED TO GET AS MUCH AS YOU! DON'T FORGET, IF NOT FOR ME YOU NO BE CHIEF OF THE ONOPOGAS!







ALWAYS CHANCE HE LAID IN RIVER AND NOT ON ROCKS! YOU AND BIG BEAR GO MAKE SURE HE DEAD —AND WHEN RETURN TO RESERVATION YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED!

WILL DO, CHIEF GRIZZLY TOOTH!

BUT AS THE WOUNDED MEDICINE MAN TOPPLES DOWN, HIS SCREAMS ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE ROVING MARSHAL, LASH LAURE WHO IS CAMPING BELOW!



OH, OH! SOMEONE'S FALLEN OFF THE CLIFF! IF HE HITS THOSE ROCKS, HE'S DONE FOR!

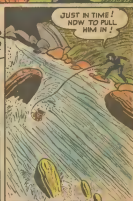


THANK GODDESS! BUT IF THE CURRENT CRASHES HIM INTO THAT BOULDER, IT'LL DO AS MUCH DAMAGE AS THE ROCKS ON THE SHORE WOULD HAVE DONE!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP GOES TO WORK!

THIS IS ONE TIME I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE ANYTHING BUT ACCURATE!



JUST IN TIME! NOW TO PULL HIM IN!



THAT ARROW IN YOUR CHEST MEANS YOU DIDN'T FALL OVER THE CLIFF ACCIDENTALLY!

CHIEF GRIZZLY TOOTH ORDER HIS BRAVES TO KILL ME!



AND AFTER LASH REMOVES THE ARROW...

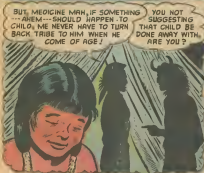
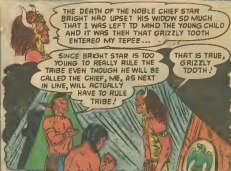
CHIEF GRIZZLY TOOTH OF THE ONOPOGA TRIBE?

YOU MEAN THE **FALSE** CHIEF OF THE ONOPOGA TRIBE!



I'D LIKE YOU TO EXPLAIN, BUT YOU'D BETTER SAVE YOUR BREATH UNTIL I GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

ME TOO BADLY WOUNDED FOR DOCTOR TO HELP! MORE IMPORTANT THAT ME TELL TRUTH BEFORE I DIE!





"I TOSSED HIM INTO WAGON OF PASSING MEDICINE SHOW!"



IN THAT CASE, THE REAL CHIEF OF THE ONDOPOGAS MAY STILL BE ALIVE!



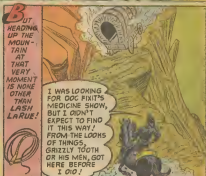
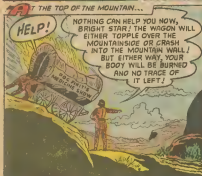
I'LL DO IT FOR THE BOY'S SAKE, NOT TO CLEAR YOUR GUILTY CONSCIENCE! BUT FIRST, I'D BETTER GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

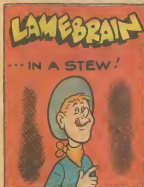


LOOK! PALEFACE TAKING MEDICINE MAN TO TOWN! WE BETTER STRIKE NOW!











SLICK TRICK

By John Martin

SID MORPH dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and kept them there until he'd topped the long ridge that formed the boundary between the two counties. It was a county hank that he'd hustled into two hours before, shot two tellers dead and then had to light out when too many peace officers crowded in.

He glanced back at the pursuing posse and continued down the other side of the slope. He knew they'd never dare cross the county line after him. Many a bloody gun battle had been precipitated by a rash posse chasing a lobo into another county or town.

Besides, he thought, plunging his horse into the thick trees that lined the north side of the slope, even if they did cross after him, he was already hidden.

Morph rode on for a few minutes and then stopped, coming out into a clearing, one end of which was open. He sighed, taking stock of his situation. It was bad. He hadn't more than fifty dollars left. And that hadn't come from the bank, because he hadn't had time to dip his hand in the till.

"And they used to call me the slickest man with a huck west of the Platte," he growled to himself. He was practically broke, he hadn't had anything to eat for over ten hours and he was tired. All he knew was that Highdog, a small, prosperous mining town in Rockdale County, lay several miles ahead. He'd never been in Rockdale County, so he figured it was pretty safe to hole up in Highdog for a day or two and rest up. After that, he'd mosey further north and try hustling another bank.

An hour later he rode into Highdog, his eye keen for tin badges.

At the restaurant, in the Silverlode Hotel, he had a good meal, lit a cigar and looked over the prospects. For a mining town, he decided, the people looked rather seedy. This was odd, because he knew the occasional strikes in the region had produced a lot of gold ore. What was more, he'd read newspapers in other counties that claimed the mountains around Highdog were just loaded with gold.

Then Morph noted the prospector at the next table eyeing him. Instantly the killer's guard

went up. He didn't know who the other was, but the two killings of the afternoon were a little too recent for him to forget. He nonchalantly unbuttoned the flap of his coat so as to make it easier to go for his six-guns if he had to.

The other got up, walked over to his table and sat down. "Howdy," he said.

Sid Morph nodded.

"You're new around here, aren't you?" the other said. "My name's Kentry. Glen Kentry, Prospector."

Morph looked him over. He was seedier than the rest in the room and didn't even carry a gun. Kentry's hair was silver white, his face was heavily bronzed and his eyes almost weary. Morph put him down as the inevitable, luckless prospector out for a touch. If he wasn't a disguised tin hodge, that is.

"It's dangerous to ask questions," Morph said.

The old man chuckled. "Just thought I'd ask," he said. "I need a partner on a strike I located just the other day. Nobody in town seems interested, so I thought I'd ask you for a grubstake. Give you a fifty per cent interest."

Morph relaxed. The old game, he thought. It would amuse him to play it out. "Okay," he said. "You show me you got the goods and I'll grubstake you."

Kentry took a bag out of his pocket and threw it on the table. Morph glanced around. No one else was taking the slightest interest.

"Assays fifteen hundred dollars to the ton," Kentry said.

Morph's eyebrows rose. Then they fell. The old guy was lying, of course. If it did, anybody would be willing to grubstake him.

Kentry smiled. "Think I'm lyin', eh?" he cackled. He took a paper out of his pocket and opened it. "Highdog assayer's office report," he said. "Signed and sealed."

Morph's heart quickened. It might be true after all. He glanced at the paper, then picked it up. Signed and sealed, all right. Fifteen hundred dollars to the ton. Instantly his interest heightened. A strike like that was worth, maybe, hundreds of thousands.

"You wait here," he said, taking up the paper. "I'm going down to the assayer's office to check

this. If it's okay, it's a deal. And I'll take the dust, too."

Kentry nodded.

Morph went outside. The assayer's office was just down the street. When he came out his hands shook. The report was true, down to every detail. Hundreds of thousands really were in his grasp. All he had to do was go along with Kentry, stake the claim, blow out a few tons of ore, wash it down and make a formal claim. Kentry, of course, would be left out of the deal. He'd die in the mountains. From an accident, of course. Accidents were common in high mountains.

He took out his wallet before going into the restaurant. Almost fifty dollars still left. That would be enough to purchase some dynamite for blasting, food and a few comforts for the trip.

Inside he walked up to Kentry. "You got yourself a partner," he said and sat down. "But listen, not a word to anyone about this. People in this town must be fools to turn down a claim like this. There's no use, though in getting 'em excited."

Kentry smiled. "We'll start in the morning," he said. "You can bunk with me across the street. I've got a room."

Next morning, up early, Morph went out and got their supplies. They loaded them on Kentry's burro and started out.

"You'll have to leave that cayuse of yours at the bottom of the canyon when we get there," Kentry warned. "Too steep for horses."

They took an eastern route out of town. The mountains 'round Highdog, Morph noted, were unusually precipitous and got steeper as they went along. The ground was rocky and bare, except for stubborn lowbushes and mesquite. The trail went up and up toward the base of a distant mountain with what looked like unscalable cliffs.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they reached its base. The canyon Kentry had mentioned started off to one side and pierced the cliff side before it snaked around and lost itself to the north. They tethered the burro and Morph's horse, loading themselves down with food. Morph slipped two or three sticks of dynamite into his pack. He didn't want the old man to know he intended blasting out enough gold to wash down and get money enough for a big start. So far as Kentry knew their trip out here was just to convince Morph the thing was really big.

With Kentry leading the way, they stumbled into the canyon. Instantly a deep chill enveloped them. A few hundred yards ahead the trail went upward and they climbed for about an hour, coming out at last on an acre-wide ledge.

"There it is," Kentry said and pointed. "Take that pickaxe and dig it into the rock. You can see the veins right under the surface."

Morph went up to the cliff wall and noticed the scrapings Kentry had gotten his dust from. Big grains of gold showed embedded in the rock. He hit the wall with the pickaxe and gasped as a big flake came away. There was the vein, glittering and pure. When he looked up, his eyes went wide, for Kentry was standing with a gun on him.

"Take it easy," Kentry said. "You're safe. I just wanted you to grubstake me so I could get on to something really bigger up north. Toss me that six-gun of yours and I'll skedaddle with all the food!"

Morph's eyes narrowed. He couldn't figure why the old man wanted to go further north when there was plenty of gold right here. But he couldn't waste time figuring it out. He reached for his gun to toss it, then, ducked and snapped it out, firing from the hip. Kentry fell, dead!

Morph strode past the corpse, dug out a hole, fused the dynamite and lit it. There was gold in that mountain and he wanted it. He retired behind a boulder. When the blast came he relaxed.

Then, from far above, he heard the thunder. Looking up, a rod of icy fear shot down his spine as he saw the start of the avalanche, thousands of tons of rocks that would take only minutes to crush him lifeless. He couldn't escape. He was right out in the open!

HIS eyes jumped toward the dead prospector. Now he knew why nobody in Highdog was interested in the rich ore. The people were experts in mining, and they knew that no matter how rich a claim was, it was utterly useless if blasting the ore out brought a mountain down in murderous rockslides on the mining site. No wonder Kentry had picked him out for a grubstake on this phony deal—just because he was a stranger. He guessed he wasn't so slick after all.

Then, instinctively, Morph started to run as the first rocks crashed around him. He got a little ways until the bigger stuff started coming. In an instant he was buried from sight forever!

THE END

LASH LARUE WESTERN



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Lash LARUE

in *The* **PRAIRIE BETRAYAL**

chapter two INFERNO ON WHEELS



BUT IF I COULD
FIND OUT HE
WASN'T ON IT
BEFORE THE WAGON
CRASHES INTO ME,
I MIGHT STILL BE
ABLE TO AVOID IT!
LET'S GO,
BULLWHIP!

WITH HIS NEVER FAILING AIM, LASH SNAPS
THE BULLWHIP AROUND ONE OF THE POSTS
OF THE BURNING WAGON AND



HE IS
IN THE
WAGON!



WHILE I GET RID OF THE
BURNING WAGON COVER,
RUSH, SEE HOW CLOSE
TO THE MOUNTAIN
WALL YOU CAN GET!
IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE TO AVOID
GETTING HIT!

DEATH OR NO
DEATH, I'VE GOT
TO FIND OUT IF
BRIGHT STAR IS ON
THAT WAGON!



GOOD WORK, RUSH! IT JUST MISSED US!

BUT WHAT ABOUT BRIGHT STAR? HE'S STILL ON THE WAGON WHICH IS HEADED FOR DOOM! HAS LASH FORGOTTEN HIM?



NOW TO SEE ABOUT GETTING BRIGHT STAR OFF THAT WAGON---



--- BUT I COULD NOT SAVE HIM UNLESS I SAVED MYSELF FIRST!



AND AS LASH WORKS MIRACLES WITH THE BULLWHIP AGAIN---

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY NOW!

CRASH!



BUT LASH HAS SPOKEN TOO SOON!

WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? WHY SHOULD ANY-ONE WANT TO KILL AN UNIMPORTANT PERSON LIKE ME?

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING LATER! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

IT IS LUCKY WE WAITED TO SEE THAT NOTHING WENT WRONG OR ELSE THAT PALEFACE WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM! NOW WE WILL KILL THE TWO OF THEM!



BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! WE'RE TRAPPED BETWEEN THOSE MAD INDIANS AND THE WAGON!

LET'S GO, RUSH!

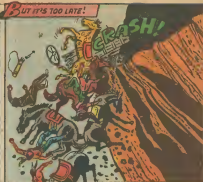


GOOD WORK, RUSH!

TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME, PALEFACE! UP, BOY!



BUT THERE IS NO OTHER HORSE IN THE WORLD THAT CAN MATCH RUSH'S SPEED OR AGILITY, AND---







WHO ARE YOU?

IF YOU'LL LOOK AT THE STAR ON MY BACK, YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF--THE REAL CHIEF OF THE ONOPODS!



ME SEE MY BRAVES SLIP UP ON JOB, BUT...



--- ME DO IT RIGHT!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



ONCE AGAIN I OWE YOU MY LIFE!

NEVER MIND THAT, BRIGHT STAR, THE IMPORTANT THING TO DO IS MAKE GRIZZLY JOH AGREE TO TELL THE TALAH TO THE TRIBE BEFORE SOME MORE BRAVES HEAR US AND START TO ATTACK US IN THEIR IGNORANCE OF THE FACTS!

SNAP!



BUT THE BRAVES ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE FRONT OF THE ...PEE HAVE ALREADY HEARD THE NOISE, AND...

ME NEVER TALK!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! OH, OH! MORE COMPANY!

YOU HANDLE THE CHIEF ---



--- I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET ANY INTERFERENCE!

BAM!

POW!

SMACK!

SOK



CRIMES OF MASTER VILLAINY



WATCH FOR THEM!

BASIS ON TELEVISION'S OUTSTANDING CRIME PROGRAM

MIKE BARNETT

MAN AGAINST CRIME

GANGDOM'S MOST FEARED PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR!



10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢



YOU GET MORE BBs FOR YOUR MONEY, PARDNER, IN DAISY'S GIANT BB POUCH OF BULLS EYE SHOT!

- Red Ryder

BB COUNTING SURVEY Proves Daisy Gives MORE BBs FOR 5¢

Survey Made Feb. 20, 1952

Count 'Em! Compare 'Em! Ask Dad's Help! Yes, the 5 CENT GIANT BB POUCH of Daisy Bulls Eye Shot gives you MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! You get more BBs—more shots—more value—more FUN! Bulls Eye is made right in the big Daisy Factory where ALL DAISY AIR RIFLES are produced. Bulls Eye is expertly made to the correct diameter, roundness and smoothness—to FIT DAISY SHOOTING BARRELS! Poorly-made "out of round," rough or over-size BBs may stick and RUIN your Daisy barrel and air tube. Be safe and sure—always buy and use Daisy Bulls Eye in the HAND-IER Giant BB Pouch! Get the MOST and the BEST BBs for your Daisy! Ask for it BY NAME. Say: "A Giant Pouch of Bulls Eye BBs, Please!"



128 BBs for only 5¢

64 WEST COAST HIGHER CANADA

ACTUAL SIZE OF DAISY GIANT BB POUCH
Please, buy in Buckeye, West Canada and sub get to change without notice

Do NOT order Air Rifles or BBs direct—SEE YOUR DEALER!



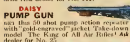
DAISY'S RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

number 87! This famous Daisy repeater holds nearly 1000 hits! Looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Resistor full-valve matted stock, forearm. Ask dealer for No. 111.



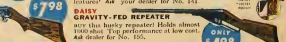
DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER

own Daisy's newest, most beautiful gun! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 50 years! Many amazing new features! Ask your dealer for No. 141.



DAISY PUMP GUN

has the 50 shot pump action repeater with "cold-pressed" jacket Take-down model The King of All Air Rifles! Ask dealer for No. 25



DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER

see this husky repeater! Holds almost 1000 shot! Top performance at low cost. Ask dealer for No. 155.

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